And make them know what tis to let a Queene
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.
King. Rise *Titus*, rise, my Empresse hath preuaild.
Titus. I thanke your maiestie, and her my Lord.
These words, these lookes, infuse new life in me.
Tamora. *Titus* I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*,
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus*, I haue past
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords: and you *Lauinia*,
By my aduise all humbled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maiestie.
All. We doe, and vow to heauen, and to his highnes,
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tendring our sisters honour and our owne.
Marc. That on mine honour heere I do protest.
King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay, sweet Emperour, we must all be friends.
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.
King. *Marcus*, for thy sake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely *Tamoras* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens haynous faults,
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a Batchiler from the priest.

Come,

Come, if the Emperours court ca
You are my guest *Lauinia*, and
This day shall be a loue-day *T*
Titus. To morrow and it pleas
To hunt the Panther and the H
With horne and hound, weele g
Saturn. Be it so *Titus*, and gra
sound Trumpets,
Aron. Now climeth *Tamora*
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and s
Secure of thunders cracke or lig
Aduanc'd aboue pale enuies th
As when the golden sunne salu
And hauing gilt the Ocean wit
Gallops the Zodiacke in his gli
And ouer-lookes the highest p
So *Tamora.*
Vpon her wit doth earthly hon
And vertue stoopes and trembl
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and
To mount aloft with thy Empe
And mount her pitch, whome
Hast prisoner held, fettred in a
And faster bound to *Arons* cha
Then is *Prometheus* tide to *Cau*
Away with slauish weedes and
I will be bright and shine in pe
To waite vpon this new made
To waite said I? to wanton wi
This Goddesse, this Semerimis
This Syren, that will charme
And see his shipwracke, and h
Hollo, what storme is this?
Enter Chiron and De

C